

A comparyson bytwene. iiii. byrdes / the
Larke / the Nyghtyngale / & Thrush
& the Cucko / for theyr syngynge
who shuld be chauntoure of
the quere.





How a sorowful mā went to the wood
and there toke comforte by þe melodye
of comparyson of thes byrdes.

I Amētyng my sorowes wth syghes depe
How lowyng fortune me had scorned
þen syue in my harte dierly dyd wepe
whos scoffe perfyte anone I lerned
Rare is the welth þe hath not moyned
Iocunde/pleaunt and of corage
O sorowful howre in his outrage

As whyle markyng in cyrle rotynge
famous men callynge to my remembrance
That rued pytyful in to dotynge
To meane men also showyng his barpaunce
Lyke the ayre than founde I hym of constance
Now synlyth fayre and sodenly doth rage
Wham rockyng in the flode of sharpe passage

This dyd I secretly with me reason
Of hym anon haupyng aduertysment
To clyme not to hye for fere of euersyon
I boue my state to make no interment
Of comparyson of pryncyng torment
Whiche of me patiently pondered
In me the matter lay/that he scorned

O low byrth/why woldyst thou auauunce
whan in thy purse lay al thy corage
In proudly port to make repaunce
My welth banysched in redy passage
Thus turned my state in to dotage

¶

Fortune than why shuld I now accuse
Seyng he ragyth of my mys ble

Proude nor portly be thou neuer
Coniparyng/bosting nor of wyfulnese
To gyue reuerence the endeuer
Recounter thy blode to be of mekenese
Of thy homage reason no secretnese
For whan lowe blode clymith oner hys
He tumblyth oft hedlyng in bylonye

Let the cartar than handel his plough
The smyth his hanimar dyligent entrete
Thy mynd insatyat content with ynough
Peres lyke of blod together wel met
Of nature prudently pondar thy fet
Seldom buddye from the cartars grosse brest
Polycy/cheualry and maners honest

This repetyng/in my mynd oft reuolued
Of presumpcyon I dyd me repent
And that comparyson me not behoued
To late bewaylyng tyme mysspent
Sorrowe to doble a folythe entent
Therfore purposyng for my comfort
To a place of plesure me to resort

I drewe to the wood freysh enpareled
With flowrs smylyng plesauntly
With bewtyful colours enpurpuled
With swete odor ryght sauory
A medycen apt for lyke memory

And ny to a haythorne I approached
Entendyng to take rest there me choched

A bushe of pleasure perlese in the wood
Fragraunt/bernaunt/bewtyful in coloure
The blossoms iucunde/in vertu lyke good
Facyng the Lylly in whytly candoure
Al swete flowrs dysclopyd theyr odoz
The goddes there to solace than I suggd
Such comly flowrs on euery bouse budded

A fayre founten was there at hande
A freyshe spring/clere as any Crystal
That sofely tryllyd on the lande
The which moysted the flowrs bernaunt all
The Lybanot and Lylly of conwall
With a pure sauoure that there remayned
As Dallas/o Venus there had bathed

The ayre murmured of theyr presence
As after assemble remaynith monument
Of great powrs in fet of magnyfycece
Which reuyued my mynde w sorowe ny spent
Reioyled streight/vnburdened of tozment
And as fre myndes pursuyth oft slepe
So soft and gentyl on me dyd it crepe

But not long after as I ny slombered
Of tewnable cordes I harde melody
Of recountering that my rest combered
A noyse far passyng in armony

In cordes and carches of consong
Thet none I iuge but wold it desyre
Except the aythe vnapt to the lyze

O my spyryttes so ft refreyshed
My body trymbelyd in reioysyng
That ny my sorowe away it wayshed
And fully awake from my slombering
To it gaue than dyligent heryng
My eye rollyd swyft here and there
To be fed as wel as was the ere

Than gentyl touches I recorded
In welch whyle fortune dyd fauor
But to farmownt I remembered
I fayned melody lost in laboꝝ
Proue who lyst nothyng lyke sauor
For there is lernyng of reueryence
But I lerned here the notes of prudence

Mannys state was there describед
Among the fowles of the ayze
Man promptly there myght haue lerned
Elegant to garnyche nature sayze
My sorowe where at dyd appayze
For comparysong I dyd combynde
Wekly assuagyng in theyr kynde

Of foules there certayne dyd asymblye
To proue theyr voyces in counterpyng
Arrogaunt began/ but endyd humble
To syng most plesaunt was theyr stryung
In swete armony and also reasonyng

Betwix the nyghtyngale and the thrush
The lark and the cocke in that bushe

Among them began anatural stryfe
Of melody who coude best endyte
They? tewnes ware redy and outraunce ryfe
To tedpous ware it to resyte
Comparyson made in they? delyte
With reasons strong there lackyd none
That they renderyd one after one

¶ The descriptyō of y nyghtyngale.

The nyghtyngale made heuynly noyse
Redobelyng her tewnes melodyously
Whan berped in sorowe it wold resoyse
Swete/pleaunt in consent/in corde redy
The ere fedyth no sownde moze freghly
That yf al melody ware truly loste
To be found in her/pereluse she myght bothe

Ful meryly in tyme it recorded
Swete/swete/iug/iug ryght meruelus
And in a nother key streghht reported
In manyfold notes lyke wonderus
To be taught in Paradyse/I iuged thus
Or had some lectoꝛne of Helpomene
Which of armony hath the dygnyte

But of the ere thus fed not suffysed
My eye I cast on that mery organ
Of whos syght anon was amased
So lytel a byrde to muse that lesson.

So andyble/so tewnable in good facyon
From the lytel body than I remembred
That famous vertu oft hath burgened

Hystories calling to my rembraunce
In the lytel body that vertu hydyth
The grosse body a pocke to be of combraunce
Of educatyon/such robustnesse ryfith
Demynishmēt of stature in vertu smilyth
Pregnaunt in wyte/ lusty in corage
In goodnese prompt/in counsel ryght sage

The sume of vertu there enharbozyng
To al thynges apte that be of fame
The greatestt conquest left in wytyting
To a lytel body that honor came
Before Alexandar who berith the name
Cesar in stature properd/ fete and small
Whos polycy triumph had ouer all

Which Corplane moined in lost of victoꝝ
The grosse body turning in occasyon
Also Sertorius hym saued by polycy
The taylor of the horse lesyng by reason
Sonar than strenght by good conclusyon
The batel of wyte this prouyd spetpal
Where strenght & lymmes seruyd not natural

Whoch feble decept raignyth in strenght
Partes popyd in corage without adupsement
For lake of wysdome fowndering at lenght
And so most comyn we haue it in experyment
In a lytel body lernyng hath encloasement

frethe subtyl and redy of outteraunce
facunde/elegant and of remembraunce

The seneuey sede who lystyth to beholde
In vertu all other that doth excell
Exhausten of nature gyftes manyfolde
Downed the fragraunter I you tell
Bulshyth in bernaunce though he not mychel
So thys lytel byrde her notes endyted
Of no great fowle so wel there recorded

Of the Larkys melody

But not far of the Larke dyd appere
Composyng her pennes arrogauntly
Whiche to that bulshe approached sone nere
Fayre penned redy proferyng to fly
Whiche as in woorthy cheke for cheualer
Py to that bulshe strenght toke her flyght
Downtyng meruelus agaynst the lyght

And euer as she dyd than assende
Lyke knyght in campe for byctory
Her notes she swetely dyd amende
Exaltynge her voyce merely
The trebly tewone long than freshly
The Ryghtyngale no better in report
Such swete armony she made of comfort

I behelde that byrde of strange nature
The clowdes welnyng her inclosed

B.j.

In the element redounded her voyce pure
The heyn to penetrat I supposed
The heynly melody she dysclofed
At heyn gates I fuge she dyd get
The reches at pleasure that she dyd fet

Of ozbes rotynge the lerned armony
Enforced by powre of the fyrst mouynge
Enstructed of nature laboure god almyghty
The Egle thowghe strangely be in mowntyng
yet of it sure hath not lyke outterynge
Recordynge at pleasure / deuydynge wonderus
Nothyng so swete Syzene the dangerus

Anone after she dyd descende
By lytel and lytel lyke a byrde of pryce
With note that euer dyd amende
Redy in wynges swyft / mowntyng at a tryce
Of the bernaunt laboure worthy in my aduyce
Whiche in the grotton anone lyghted
Faryng as she there wold haue rested

But quykly lyke a byrde of betwte
To the fayre haythorne toke her flyght
As after worthynesse showed of dewte
Wolde make clame there to some dewe ryght
And among the blossomes dyd lyght
Lyke an heyre to take possession
Clampd of ryght for her sweet lesson

Of the thyshe

which the thynthe dyligent marked
That her ere fast layd to that melody
Lyke a byrde greuyd anone carped
Expreſſyng ſone her faſt memory
As nothyng had ſcaped of that armony
She whiſteled and alſo chynped
And from bowghe to bowghe there trypped

ſone after that byrde ſo ſemble and fayre
Her chere changyd of greuyd countenance
To the beſt branche leppynge of the byar
And her gyft of nature proudly dyd abauce
Showyng of muſes her redy ſwetterance
Nothyng was truly to her than ſtrange
In cordes at pleaſure ſhe dyd range

The nyghtyngale ſhe dyd counterfet
Lyke abyde that wolde the hole reply
For no dyſdayne ſhe dyd than let
Full of corage ſyngyng ryght freſhly
The larkys note ſhe dyd deſcry
The ſtarle/the keyt ſhe pertly dyd mocke
Robyn redbreſt the wren and the Pecoche

Such borrowed deſcaunt ſhe ſong freſhly
And of her owne ſhe ſpared no boſt
Now ſwete / now ſharpe and ſcoznfully
Abauſyng as the other had loſt
Or none ſuch to be in that ſame coſt
And ſo on the byar ſyttynge a by
Joynd her fayre fethers by and by

B.ii.

¶ The melody of the Cocke.

Which father cocke lone espyed
Full sagely resting not far off
That to confownde hym self emplyed
He noddyd with the hed as a man wold coff
Apperyng lyke one hauyng no ble therof
And at the last it out dyd brast
A sad song and a formal blast

Great graunte therein pretending
Tewnes syngyng of solempnyte
Playne was it witout ruffelyng
Crachettis nor quauerettis cured the
That elyly iuged it myght be
By some subtyl reason wold make clame
And not by note to encrese her name

Lyke as we rede vertu hath oft spyed
From body not elegaunt of composyng
In membris deforme or in tonge lyped
Esop was not al venust in chapyng
Demosthenes of nature was stuttyng
yet reason prenaunt in the one rayngned
Dylgence in thother eloquence procured

So pleisant countenaunce oft hath be occasyō
In byce or troble that some were trapped
Moch bewty shone in the face of Absolon
His bewtyful heere in byce hym lapped
Putyfers spouse sayze Joseph clapped

In pryson for his fayre cobontenance
Be canse with her he made uot dalyaunce

So rudy chekes haue often dysseued
Crokpyd lymmes be of louely mekenesse
Esly gotten oft tymes hath greued
Elabored thyng is of more suer nesse
That lake bewty be of prompt redynesse
To garnyshe nature with pregaunt reson
In the cowcke prouyd by conclusyon

So from the cothowes oft hath flozysed
Prynces redoubded of baleant pusaunce
By vertu and byctory that it purchased
Actes declaryng of worthy remembraunce
Gydyng theyr people by noble gouernaunce
Whiche conquered to landes great royalte
Wher byce spoyled them of auctoryte

So from the thorne buddyth the rose
In bowghe and branch not lyke apperyng
ye in sauour his nature doth lose
Rubycunde fayre of plesaunt smyleng
Whyte/spynkeled of semble colouryng
Lyke in the blake botel lyquor hydeth
Swete/fresh/fragraunt that ma confortyth

So thys sozr byde in notes ryght playne
Not in pennes arrogaunt composed
Of the lawre made profer to be fayne
But that she note no bettar expessed
To reason she wold styke I than iuged

In an oke not far of resting
As wold she with her hed noddynge

Streight from her perch she toke her flight
Entending there to make comparyson
And in that bush boldly dyd lyght
Where they chypped and chaunted a reson
But not long after they began to reason
The chantors offyce who shuld haue
So they compared them selfe to saue

The reason of the nyghtyngale.
The nyghtyngale sayd she was worthy
In whom the key of musyke dyd rest
All hole her selfe fained melody
Nothyng delueryng from her brest
But descaunt it was of the purest
A nother best than made of comparement
A swete qualite to her only lent

Whan Lucifers beames be beryed byght
Than at rest sit you all luryng
Many sad hartes than make I lyght
The corde of trewe musyke reportyng
So Dheba I please with my chantyng
And yet on the day I seldom delay
Utterynge my notes with sport and play

The kocke reireytheth many a man
In the nyght from dull and duskyd slöberyng
Proudly crowyng now and than
But that he pausyng suckeryth lamentyng

Of more lawde is worthy after reasonyng
Wherfore most apte am I for this offyce
A byrde perelese of pryke and pryce

The subtyl fet of good inuentyng
In cordes and tewnes that plesaunt be
With coraged brest of clene delyueryng
Seyng the grounde with reportes of bewte
Bettar than his boke is of auctoryte
Such cordes be in me / such tewne is kepte
As the lady of musyke in me had slepte

A nother argument of ryght tytell
Most men of me take theyr repast
To fede theyr ere delectable well
Wherby to me such loue haue cast
Sayeng my tewnes that all haue past
What nedyth me than to make reclame
Of that in posselssyon that is my name

The larkys reason
We semyth (quod the lark) ye do dote
Imprudently your self to abaunce
That wyll compare must haue no blotte
I fynde in you a thyng of combraunce
That sone assuage shall your dalyaunce
Lyke as the Decoke in penues dysdaynyth
But fowle legges his corage assuagyth

So doth many one promote his parson
With crafty colours of aduauncement
All that furtheryng is good reason
The bowe indyfferent is not bent

To touch the but lokyng for punyshment
Of whom the prouerbe shal not dye
A man fawtlese / but / but doth denye

Many commodytes ye do propone
Of notes / dytes and armony
By your selfe as ye ware perles alone
But to me it semyth a pange soyr
That lokyth on vertu and not foly
Them in a bundel wysdom doth combynde
Which some assuagyth the arrogaunt mynde

your notes I besech where do become
Whan Baron Janus bloyth his blast
you lurke in a corner than very dome
your voyce slomberyth / your penne do wast
That after your syght than no man hath hast
Is not thys a byrde lyke to make comparysō:
In a pange of fortune whystelyng his lesson:

yet nere by nature may I approche
Thys offyce vpon me to take
No sharpe / hore frost makyth me to choch
Nor fethers for it do aslake
But in the grotton myrth do make
And somtyme for my pleasure merely
My armony some wyl exalte an hys

With an other gyfte that surmountyth all
Not erth only in me doth delect
But also the aungels ethereal

where Ierne so puerly to endyte
And ful wel do I theyr grace requyte
In theyr swete dewe there bath I oft
With plesaunt armony mowntyng a loft

I render kyndly that they me lent
Benefytes geuyn in me do not spyl
My nowne person doth it present
With prompt seruyng and boyce subtyl
Whiche is famous after my skyl
In an other freysch to behold playne
That with study dyscullyd his brygne

This leftyd swetly in the ayre
Of armony only here not the lesson
But I contemplat the woddess sayre
The howrs/the odors haue assentyon
Wherof I haue great delectatyon
I behold wel the place of amenyte
Paradyse in erth/ most worthy of dygnyte

CThe reason of the thrush.

Whom the thrush coude no lengar forbere
Supposyng to speke al to late
As no laude had be lefte for here there
And for the offyce began to chat
Euyn in the bulsh there as she sat
With formal reason of eloquence
As of Pallas had some influence

C. j.

If in report there restyth praylyng
In the nyghtys melody comendatyon
In varyable notes moch reioysyng
In contynual syngyng swete consolatyon
Of armony to render the mery lesson
At heuyn gattes where freyshyp it is
In solace bathyng of meruelus blys

In the m cochyng vertu elegauntly
Allegyng for the lawze with dysdayne
Chockyng with a bone of dys honesty
But one thyng marke you very playne
Of parteyes the hole doth remayne
And the hole is no other thyng
But parteyes compact in ioynyng

What thyng partly ye haue describ'd
In me of it the hole lyme restyth
Who can endyte of me not fayned
No fowle in the ayre that euer fleyth
Of me herd but my brest reportyth
Seldom the byrde bitteryth melody
That I reporte not in better armony

The mo the meryar it is sayd
Sen in dyuerse the better is sped
And of more worthynesse bndenayd
Study in science sone is enhaunc'd
If with quicke memory it be slow'd
In incredyble memory science is locayd
So in a dull hed sone is it chockyd

Cesar is lauded for fast memory
Of no man resyted/that euer red wyftar
Penning his mynde in quyknes as redy
Of foure quaterns he was compylar
Of epytels at ons no man bettar
Pyrcus de Myrandula not longe agon
Thynghe fast memory felowe had non

Now marke ye dyligent my entent
The flowre of study of me exprest
To dyligent pregaunce comyn is lent
yt in no trechery the mynde be duskyd
In slewth and dyscord be not there luskid
Apt to honoz is that elegaunt parson
Whych as in me lyke/in none hath perfectyon

This auauuntyd she in that natural hous
Coy she with her cobwtenaunce bnderpopyng
fayre mayled and a properd smale dowg
With scornful syght rollyng on them lokyng
That bone i theyr throte thought to be chokig
But sone after belpake her make
Her arrogaunt boit to asslake

CThe cocko.

Soth sayth the cocko it is that ye say
Sen in many but expert in very fewe
your brest bttteryth sport and play
With Meduseus as ye dyd reneue
Or in the font of the hoys lappyd the dwe
Cij.

Much your comparyson greater your boasting
As all the muses had in you reclosyng

To the hole perlese ye make reclame
A hole summe with a grosse gappe
A false tytel and forged fame
A bayne host that the wynde doth flappe
A fayze byldyng wyl stand parhappe
Insculped/enbosted and paynted beuussly
For lake of fundatyon fallyth quicly

So your reasons apperyng strong
Lykely/ but false I can proue
What is descaunt with out playnsong
With reportes of plesure as ye loue
In the meane or swetely to syng aboue
yf the playnsong swarue from the boke
A none your descaunt wyl stande a croke

To me it longyth to syng the plansong
And you on me to syng descaunt I wps
Now on mynom tyme and now two long
To gether shal we syng swetely this
Wolt fyt for me than this offyce is
And seldome ye se it in experyence
But the quere rulyth the basys dylence

After the which prudent and formal reason
To the corks dyd they al assent
Geuyng hym that offyce of promotyon
And ech with other ware wel content
Knyt in trewe loue sone after ware bent

To repete theyr notes of melody
A swete song to make of armony

The cocke began than redely to syng
A fayre key takyng of meane tyme
The dyapason now and than touchyng
The lark in her voyce anon dyd clyme
The nyghtyngale repoytyd hym
A standyng tenor song the thrush
Ioynd in felyshyp in that bush

Theyr voyces in the wood dyd redownde
All instrumentes in plesure excellyng
Far bettar theyr eccho was in sownde
A fayrar lectorn they rede of syngyng
Than dyd the hamors of Tubals techyng
Or Pythagoras that was so tedypus
Knyt in a lyme myght se it compendypus

It was not frompelyd nor yet iombelyd
Nor fayned voyces but of nature pure
Not hob for gyb out rayshly tumbelyd
Lyke blynd bayar that nothyng doth sure
Lytel in the grounde/in the boke assure
Which not syngyth but scuyth al raysh
That with his frysse from the cord doth laysh

Than perseuyd I good apperyng symple
Of many coniectured folpshnesse
In the wooddes to lyue forsoke the cyte
Renownsyng al pompe of wantonne
Dwellyd in the cothowse of wylderne

B. iij.

And no merwel that such pleasure there founde
Eloquentar dyte than in the tounde

So drewe my sorowe to perfectyon
In my reason it dyd so wel recorde
There restyth beher mence in a swete lesson
With whom ragyng wyldnese ever wyl bozde
In greater dysdayne at the better worde
Which delyte in prouerbe shal not spyl
Noch swettar is sport to the wanton wyl

The wooddes and the cyte I dyd combynde
Many apply but fewe haue the lote
In corde and dyte to agre of mynde
Dyuerse study the armony of note
But in the dyte bitterly they dote
As oft is sen a man wel enpareled
yet lyke goodnese within is fabeled

So in the cyte armony is forsed
From the wooddes translate that melody
But bondage for lyberte is yl scorled
Bydes in chages be mured gayly
But that is coacte syngyth not freyshly
As in musycons we se it playne
yf it come not of corage they wyl sayne

So cordes of lyberte are in corage
With me contraryng his nature
Vertu is lyberte vyce is bondage
Which causyd me to take more cure
Theyr dyte to marke/as note pure

And anon perleuyd it not darke
Agaynst puaunt byce that dyd darke

The dyte to me was wonderfull
Of the byrdes expreſſyd meruelus
No hed but it wold reſtreyn the dull
Man (quod they) lerne this leſſon of vs
To ſyng in trewe loue as we do thus
From the corde of loue oſpryngyth grace
Heuyd wyppynng / hydyng al treſpace

Be content with the gyft of nature
Upon the neyghbors enter not pryſe
For preſumptyon may not endure
Wyce of dyſdayne both euer aryle
Goddys creatyon do thou ſurmyle
All thyng he creatyd in trewe armony
Gyft to accorde here with gyft mercy

After from thens they toke theyr ſyght
Nature to ſuſtayne by his prouyſion
Utterly banſhyng from my ſyght
Than fel I in great medytatyon
Compaſſyng that ſweete noyle with my reaſon
As lyghtly it is in man moſt feruent
To recoorde deſyde ſomtyme preſent

O fortune ouertolld in darkeneſe
Ny mured ſlomberynge in my bryſt
Thy ſelf forgettyng in welthyneneſe
But ſone a wyf whan he dyd weſt
Repentaunce had me wel ny oppreſt

Letne letne man arrogauce euer to fle
Condescend with thes byrdes in humylyte

Whan thy reason yf thou do wel tyll
Lyke swetenese of armony we fynde
In all men that refayne theyr wyll
As in bryfe sentence I wyll combynde
The larkys note who bettar hath in mynde
Than where the flowr of chastyte smylyth
A heuynly te wone where so it restyth

That passyth this lyfe in byrgnyte
With aungel equal and hym beforne
Aungel in ioy/man lapped in mylere
Croyng and mournyng as ware forlorne
But syngyng this note fortunat is bozne
Whose mynde sone the cloudes doth penetrat
Make and redy all wronge to tollerat

So the nyghtyngale euydent syngeth
In the gentyl brest of curtese
The fetes of reason there reporteth
A propred clame of that dygnyte
On preghaunt wyt grounded auctoryte
Lawes to sancyt of ryghtfulnes
The ragyng mynde to let of wylidnes

Whome of innocentes I may call
The good and sure buckeler of defence
Challenyng byce and wyll tyrannicall
A note trewly of hye magnyficence
Both in nyght and daye of redy presence

The nyght turnyth in dayly pastauce
Correctyth synne and vertu doth enhaunce

In dyuerse tewnes of the thurshys musyng
In a grosse sume to gether comest
Clerely expresseyth the comyn luyng
In the lyne of lyke meryt that do rest
That holdyth of other is not the purest
Whos varyable notes do dysclose
The indygest lyfe that most do repose

The dangerous recourse of marchandysse
The subtyl inuentyon artysypal
Composyng in ordar by semble wyse
To confort our lyfe with thynges materyal
With handy crafftes that be lyke natural
Which in a nombze yf we redresse
The thurshys notes wyl expresse

Now the cocke druggyth at the plough
Playne as a packstafe euer in care
Be it frost or snowe he goyth thurgh
yf the plough spede the better do they fare
Thother geuyng the tewne of welfare
Than goyth the playnlong ryght sweetly
The better musyke there of armony

But yf the cocke the lارke wold fayne
Dekey wold sone theyr modulatyon
Or yf the thursh the note wold retayne
Of the nyghtyngalys gentyl fatyon
Sone theyr corde wold come to confusyon

D. 1.

As lyke to syght as an ape purpuled
Or a slaue in a regal besture palled

As plesant to the ere as the blacke Sanctus
Of a sad sorte vpon a mery pyn
Lernyd in the hole of curtyes Bacchus
Bathyd in musyke without/and withen
Rage in cordes/in dyte do deupn
Querystars arrogaut syt with dyldayne
For thā al wyldome rūbelyth in theyr bryayne

Lyke Splene in swetnes of armony
Relyng from his dene with a blacke tankarde
Endyted berles of famous memozy
The styffe okes fayned hym to regarde
To Aglays promysynng wanton rewarde
Al faynyng to daunce I iuge they dremed
Or the erth withmolles euerywhere heued

Lyke Promachus in tryumph dysgysed
That lord of drynkars I may call
In Alexanders game vnsemble deuyled
Of thye tankardes he dronke bp all
No man lyke hym in quastyng prodygall
He blyd to sup them at a tryce
Wherfore among them he had the pryce

Lyke knyght in felde for byctory
For the goctys woul that often stryuyth
Or for tryumph beyng bylony
Of tryanny what laude osprengyth
What to hym that an other spoyleth

So of comparyson soþ is electyon.
Where nether of them byngyth but infectyd

To stryue in offyce it to auance
Famyd with the flowre of humylte
The vertu it is of noble constance
Not to barke at an others dygnyte
That garnyshe theyr gyfte ryght famous be
So drenched in pryde often do lowre
Syt it in cothowse or in hys bowre

The greater in wysdom/ the hyer in grace
God dys ordynaunce if they behold
In them pryde shal occapy no place
The inflat mynde may sone make colde
Comyn folowyth gyftes manyfolde
Panges of foly dayly pursuyng
In pryde that the mynde may haue no ragyng

Holy saynt Paul was oft cussyd
For al he was drenched in hys grace
With enflamed lechery oft bussyd
Gadly callyng to heuynly solace
To saue hym from that fylthy trespase
Which let al byrdes dyligent contemplat
So pryde benom shal not intorpeat

Let the lark than dyligent aduort
Which of nature in the grotton restyth
Heuyn to refreysh by dewe resorte
With mowntyng plesauntly as she syngyth
Which thyng a chaste mynde wel expressyth

D.ij

No loweryng darke clowde may hym let
His prayer afoze god to be set

The famous byrgyn by prerogatyue
Castyd grace stomberyng on Chrystys brest
The sacrament of secrety dyd contrye
In stoys restyth ne such a conquest
In powre in ordar that hath redrest
Recusyng honoz/ where honoz myght haue
Hyet in honoz/ that most men dyd saue

Not entrepylyng iusted at the campe
Not shyned in bayne gloze and ryet
Theyr lyfe is bryghter than eny lampe
Trechery quenchyng by good dyet
In hyest tryumphe beyng most quyet
This offeryth incenses for our mortalyte
That oft sagge redemyng our fraylte

Solinus shewyth of a prouynce
Where the indwellars be hole chaste
Al toyes of ryet that do deuynce
Theyr mynde in vertu is lockyd fast
Not haltyng doune from theyr nozme cast
Lyke one tyme losyng/ relyth to the close
Wysyng and wyngyng to byng to purpose

The famous flowre of nobylte
The swete reportes yf be losse
A byrde in name but not in dygnyte
Which of hys lynage may make boiste
But lackyng vertu/ slepyth in the froste

Gentyl bngentyl that may be named
In the parent saye in the sonne dyffamed

Sone honoz badyth led by auarice
Euer lackyng yet drouned in opulence
Sone marmys mynde spousid to byce
Blynded/tumbelich in to necligence
This garryth the note of reuerence
Whoch truculence wherof ospringyth
That playne a dyscord no other syngyth

The bernaunt flowre of gentylry
Bathyth in the well spring of clemence
Iustyce/and the dewe acte of honesty
Pseferryng/fauoryth royalte
Not grossyth/noz engratyth dayle
Nor duggyth with the cartar at the plough
But syngyth sweetly content with ynough

Craftes relyed actyfytyal
They gyfte labored yf they do apply
Most relyth in thynges materyal
To folowe the lark behouyth truly
Thother to obey in corde meryly
So ioynyng fortunes by dyscretyn
The swete corde shal sone rendar of reason

Now the lark pouerly y ploughman ca play
The cocko bnapt the other counterfytys
Nature repugnith the gentylman to play
As truly no game it is for slaues
To iust in the felde with syluer sperys

D.iiij.

So dewe ozdar makyth armony
A confused state gacryth biterly

To pray belongith for our offence
The lackys note in humplite
The nyghtyngale protectoz of innocence
The thysse clothith our necessite
Of the cockoys playntong al fed be
Which to confuse no other thyng is
But the plough the oxen to drawe I wox

where thes agre. O fortunat countre
Irozed with the dew celestial
Spoulyd to vertu/indued with bownte
The swete key reportyng armonycal
Rauyshed plesaunt in noyse ethereal
where though the muses be not present
yet they odor paulith in monument

A nother lyke lesson than dyd I bownte
Which me refreyshed meruelusly
Many thynges creat I dyd recownte
Of the elementys nature facundly
In proportyons syngyng iorundly
In rarnesse/oz thycknesse euer a tenth
From theyr corde making no ragement.

Dysyncted in styfe by dew proportyon
Of whom compact is al thyng sensyble
Whos armony spyzerh propagatyon
And whan they rage/ysueth mysere
Than ceasith the corde by fayned ampte

So wonderful in nature further in styfe
Content with they? vertu gyue to al lyfe

So founde I in countreys descriptyon
Of al thynges in one not lyke opulence
Which inducyth this elegaunt reason
To agre in corde of louely congruence
Therfoze one hath not the hole influence
That by comodites in nede of sodar
We shuld aduertise one to loue an other

As of landes made of in mentyon
For gyftes of nature that be auansyd
Some for subtil and elegaunt inuentyon
Some for the byne famous be extolld
Some for they? sauours greatly are comedyd
Some wooddes/fel/catal and freyshe spyng
Some forest/dale and holcom fosteryng

Some hold moch of the heuynly lark
An other of the nyghtyngale host dare
Dyuerse with the thrush the dayly do warke
Most with the cocke druggen in care
Thus sowre and sweet in loue ioyned are
But fortunat that parke/pleaunt that tre
Wher they be khet and in corde do agre

Which in the lectorne of cosmography
The gyfte of nature in none more opulent
Than in Englande of noble memozy
Al thes bydes there syng ryght reuerent
Seldom ragyng/or makyng interment

fayre lemble and of lusty corage
Gouernyd by prynces of hye lynage

A parke bermaunt/pleasantly paled
Under fruitful plage by sytiation
With the surgyng see robond a bobot mured
Fayre in prospect/ a place of miratyon
Dyltyncted in prouynces by discretyn
Aungels are lyke the people of contentaunce
For who ther god makyth great purueaunce

Of catal and corne there is ryght good
From the hylles the streames do tryl
Encreasyng softly at last in flode
Of forest and dale they haue theyr wyl
Of fysh and fowle they haue theyr fyl
Of metal there is a ryght good bayne
Of men there lackyth no poure and mayne

All landes to it haue lyeng theyr trade
With al to change his gyfte is redy
Halfe stuffd come thither/away go lade
God saue Englund and kepe in armony
The corde of goddis wyl to report dayly
In trewe musyke theyr lesson to rendar
Theyr famous state shal last the lengar

Consent neuer drawyth to confutyon
The flowre ever garnysyth of prudence
A meke state neuer tumblyth in euersyon
A suffysed brest is full of clemence
That knowyth hym self geuyth reuerence

The swete lectoꝛne of the foules assemblaunce
That where it spyryth is lytel combraunce

Whereof ysuyth a noble sentence
Whan assuage thy insatyat appetyte
Of presumptyon alay the offence
He lyuyth not here in cordly delyte
Suauyng from the rewne of his benefyte
Than let go pryde and bnderproppng
Loke on thy self and leue thy choppng

Let go bostyng and bayne gloꝛy
The subtyl artyllary of the deuyl
Let go dyscorde a blast ful soꝛy
Whan of vertu that doth euer pyll
And spouse thy selfe truly to goddys wyll
For wyl adulterye may not endure
That louyth wel god/he lyuyth sure

Creatyd thou must the remembre
In purpose of lyfe far moch bettar
Laude to god than se thou rendre
Frely he gaue the a gyfte comlyar
To render agayne thou art but dettar
For such is ordayned the meruelus syght
To behold the myrrour of tryfome lyght

Wherto to come god gyue vs grace
The louyng note to syng of humplyte
For that wyll mobont vnto that place
Must nosel in no pang of mysere
Lyke wyll to lyke and euer shalbe

That in cordly ordar lyue not here of lyfe
Shal lament where is no ordar but al stryfe

Reason the nozme of ordar hath inuentyd
To tech man the path of heuynys salace
That to publyshe Crysst was incarnatyd
Growndyng obedyence to lede that trace
Loue and ordar to purchese that place
Euyll wyl and dysordar there to haue no powe
But fayth and vertu to flozyshe in that bowe

That ble wel reason there shal haue meryte
That lyue for heuyn there shal haue honoz
Vertu there shynyth in perfyte delyte
Of al swet flowys there is the fragraunt odoz
All perfectyon to beholde that myzore
With other ioyes that be there in corage
Of whom I can not expresse the surplusage

From blyndnese of hart god vs defende
To fyx our loue in lyfe perpetual
And not rest in thyng that shal haue ende
For mortal in thyng to delyte mortall
As neuer wolde depart with loue so spetyal
Hedlyng to tomble it is no other thyng
To the darke lake of pytyful moznyng

Ged saue our pryncce and his louyng make
His byzdes to report in armony
From the breth god defende them of the lake
That the deuyl blastyth owte spytefully

That this compyled Crist saue from foly
God send vs al the heuynly palace
Uyryng in bewte of meruelus solace

This endythth the comparyson
of the byrdes compyled by dan
Robert Saltwood monke
And imprinted by
Johñ Wychel.



Robert Saltwood (the author)
was "of saynt Austens at Cantorbury";
as appears from his "Procerus & Sydrache"
printed by Thomas Godfray. [See Herbert 359]

John Mychel was a Cantorbury-
printer, who is not known to have put
an earlier date to his books than 1549.
This poem was probably written, if not
printed near 20 years earlier. It is
mentioned by Herbert in his additions
only, p. 1855.

The above is the 2d. of Geo. Mason.
who no doubt purchased the present
copy out of Taylor's shop. Cat. p. 1739
n. 1691.

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE
HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION

